



ALL-NEW 1975 WINTER-SPECIAL

THE 1975

SCREAM

WINTER SPECIAL

all original
1975 winter
VERIFIED

NEW

NOSFERATU

**THE AXE
MURDERESS**

and

**the saga of the
VICTIMS**

**I AM A
MONSTROSITY**

ALL NEW HORROR
STORIES AND FEATURES

THE EXORCIST

and

**YOU CAN'T JUDGE A
KILLER BY THE CORPSE!**

plus all-original tales of horror
terror and EVIL!

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present an original illustrated novel!

WEREWOLF



Illustrated by ROBERT MARTIN



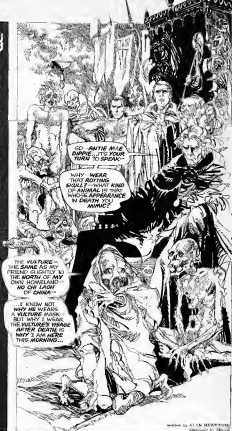
NOSFERATU

CHAPTER 9

NOSFERATU HAS
ELEVEN GLISTS IN
THE MEDITERRANEAN
CASTLE—ESTORE
MORNING ALL THIS
TALK WILL BE TOLD
DARKLY NOSFERATU
WILL BE LEFT TO
TELL HIS TALE IN
A BIG CHANT IN
WOE—HIS NAME
ALREADY SPOKEN
—THEY ALL THE
DEAD WAGES WHO
YOU NOT DAMNED!
I HAVE YET TO
SPEAK—THE MASKED
AS A COMMON
HOLYWOOD CAT-
SIE DONALD
HOWARD, OF
HOLLYWOOD—THE ONE
MASKED AS A
VILLAIN—NO CH
LACH, OF CHINA—
AND THE ONE
MASKED AUTOM-
DEARLY YOU ARE
ABOUT TO HEAR—
THE SAWHOLE
SAGA OF THE
FEMALE, MASKED
A DECADE ANIMAL
SAGA, ANTE MIE
DEAR—THE FAMOUS
AGE—MURDERESS
OF AUSTRALIA—

...THIS IS HER TALE...

I
KILL
TO
LIVE



GO, ANTE MIE
DEAR...IT'S YOUR
TURN TO SPEAK--

WHY WEAR
THAT SCOTTISH
SMILE?—WHAT KIND
OF ANIMAL IS THAT
WHO'S APPEARANCE
IN DEATH YOU
ANIMATE?

THE MURDER-
THE SAME AS MY
FRIEND, GLITCHY TO
THE MOUTH OF MY
OWN HOLLOWLAND
—NO CH LACH
OF CHINA--

...I KNOW NOT
WHY WE WARE
A VILLAIN MASK
BUT WHY I WARE
THE MURDERER'S MASK
AFTER DEATH IS
MY? I AM HERE
THIS MORNING...

WRITTEN BY AN ANONYMOUS
AUTHOR

"I DON'T
SUPPORT TOO
MANY CHILDREN
OF THE MIDDLE
WORLD LIVED
A GOOD
WETWORK
CIVILIZATION
THAN I MY
ANOTHER WAY A
FALLASHERIA



"MY FATHER
REALLY ENJOYED
MY MOTHER
DETERMINED MY EYES
HE STOOD OVER
HER BODY AND LET
TING THE AGE
DROP ONTO THE
BLOOD-SCARRED
FLOOR...



"AND A WIFE-
MAKER" AND MY
MOTHER WAS A
SCORCH...
...WHEN I WAS
ABOUT 7 OR 8 YEARS
OLD I WITNESSED
A BRUTAL CON-
FRONTATION
BETWEEN MY
PARENTS - MY
MOTHER AGREED
AT MY FATHER
CERTAIN SENTI-
MENTS ABOUT
HIS 'WOMEN'
AND HE TURNED
ON HER WITH AN
AXE...



"HE JUST STOOD THERE STILL FOR A LONG
TIME, LOOKING DOWN AT HER..."



"...FOR A REASON I
NEVER UNDERSTOOD
(FOR IT WAS HIS

TAINLY NOT THAT I LOVED MY MOTHER, IN FACT I DETESTED
HER, FOR SHE RESENTED ME AND FELT I WAS SOMEHOW
RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATH OF BOTH HER AND HER HUSBAND.)
I PICKED UP THE AXE AND SPLIT OPEN MY FATHER'S SKULL..."



...THEY TOOK ME
TO AN ASYLUM...

...AND THERE
I GREW UP...

...AND THERE
I GREW OLD...



FOR DESPITE CONSTANT ATTENTION BY
DOCTORS AND PSYCHIATRISTS, DESPITE WHAT
COULD BE CALLED GENUINE MEDICAL GUIDANCE,
I WAS CALLED "WICKERABLE" AND IT WAS
DEEMED I SPEND MY ENTIRE LIFE INSIDE THE
ASYLUM...



...A FEW YEARS
AGO, IN THE WINTER,
I HAD A VISITOR.
I DECIDED TO SUGGEST
OUT-OF-THE-BOX CHAIRS
WAS MYSELF IN
THE BACK SEAT OF A
WOMAN'S CAR, WHICH
ENTERED THE ASYLUM
AT NIGHT, HALL AND
REARVIEW MIRROR
ECONOMY...



WHO IS THERE?
IS SOMEBODY IN THE
BACK SEAT?

OH, MAE...
IT'S YOU?

YES...
IT'S ME!

"ASIAN I MURDERED
SHOT A TRUCK OF PEOPLE
AROUND NEW YORK AND
SHOT HER JAWLINE AWAY..."

...BUT NOW I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH APPLE...
I HAD BEEN TALKING ABOUT MY OTHERS AND MY LIFE AND
HOW NO ONE WOULD COME TO MY DEFENSE... I HAD NO
MONEY AND NO MONEY TO GET MONEY, I HAD NO...

ESCAPED LUNATIC SLAYS 5 PEOPLE THE PATH AXE MURDERESS

Five days ago a woman escaped from the Pacific Psychiatric
Hospital for 60 years in 1957. She was 21. She was
all her father and was played by the state and the medical
authorities as a madly insane. During her confinement at the
Pacific Psychiatric Hospital she reported she was still hard by other
patients and eventually was added. NATE MAE DAVIS
from her escape. Ms. Davis was sentenced to 10 years in the state
prison for the murder of five people. She is now, and has
been in prison THE PRISON AND SHE IS... (DANIELA) to the
and others, and to the state, after that.



NATE MAE DAVIS



...THE NEWSPAPER STORY MADE MY EXPLOSIVE NATIONAL NEWS--AND I WAS HUNTED BY EVERY POLICEMAN IN THE STATE--I FLED THE CITY TO THE OUTBACK...



...WHERE I HOPED I WOULD FIND SOME PEACE AND SOLITUDE--I EXPECT I WOULD FIND A DESERTED CARIN THE SOMETHING BECAUSE I COULD SEE SOFT ALONE--FROM THE ASHURN AND AREA OF POLICE...



...A WILD AND REVEREND ME--I FOUND HER WINDING ABOUT NEAR THE DISCOMPOSED BODY OF A DRIVER--HE WAS A WISE OLD--I WAS THANKFUL FOR HIS COMMANDMENT AND FRIENDSHIP...



I CAME UPON THE SHEPHERD IN AN OLD MAN--HE OFFERED ME FOOD AND ASKED ME NO QUESTIONS--I GUARDED HE WAS COMEY AND IN NEED OF A COMPANION...

I RETURNED TO MY FRIENDSHIP--I CLEANED UP THE HOMESTEAD, COORDINATED--FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE I FELT LIKE A REAL PERSON...





ARMED WITH DYNAMITE, AL
READY LIGHTED, I CALMLY WALKED
TOWARD THE LANDING COPTER.



"WHO ARRIVED IN
A HELICOPTER—ARMED
WITH GUNS AND
ANOTHER WEAPON—
THE MOST DREADED
WEAPON OF ALL: A
STRAIGHT JACKET...

WHEN
I WAS A
NEW ARMY
SOLDIER, I
THOUGHT
THE DEATH
WAS
HORRIBLE
AND SILENT...



"I WROTE
ABOUT TO
GO BACK
TO THE
ARMY.
NOT AFTER
LEAVING
ARMYCOM
—I WAS
ANGRY
AT THE
OLD MAN'S
RETRIBUTION...



"A
FIGHTING
THAT WAS
NOT
A
FIGHTING...

"THE WOMAN
AND THE SOLDIER WENT
STRAIGHT TO HELL!"



YOU--YOU
RETURNED--
I THOUGHT YOU
WERE MY
FRIEND...

...I... I AM, MAE, I AM
YOUR FRIEND-- I NEEDED
THE RETURNED MONEY TO
PAY THE MORTGAGE ON
MY SHELTERSTATION. HE CAN
STILL BE HAPPY.
MAE, I SWEAR.



...I KNEW MORE
POLICEMEN WOULD
COME-- I KNEW
THEY'D CHASE
ME TO THE EDGE
OF THE EARTH--
ESPECIALLY NOW
THAT I HAD KILLED
TWO OF THEIR
KIND... I TOOK
MY ONLY FRIEND
AND MADE INTO
THE MEAT...



...YOU'RE THE ONLY
FRIEND I HAVE, BOY--
THE ONLY ONE I
KNOW WILL NEVER
BETRAY ME!



WE'LL BE FRIENDS,
YOU AND I, TILL THE
DAY WE DIE-- JUST
YOU AND I-- WE'LL
KILL ANYONE WHO
STANDS IN THE WAY OF
OUR FRIENDSHIP--
IT'S JUST YOU AND I
AGAINST THE WHOLE
BLOODY WORLD!



...THEN, OH, HORRORS!--A
SNAKE SLITHERED INSIDE ME--
A POISONOUS KIND OF HUMAN
FEELING WELLED UP WITHIN ME--
I WAS BETRAYED--MY HEART
STOPPED--I COULD NOT BREATHE
...I SCREAMED...

...AND OWNED
MY DOG AT
HAW-CH LOBBY
ON MONROE?
WHAT
WOULD I
DO—GOD
FORGIVE
ME—I WAS
SO DUMB
WHENEVER
WITH HER...



...THE SNAKE
ATTACKED MY FRIEND
AS I LEFT TO GO
FILLED HIS VEINS
WITH POISON MEANT
FOR ME...

...THEN I PICKED UP ANOTHER BOUNDER--ONE TO TAKE MY FRIEND OUT OF HIS ABNORAL! I HAD BETRAYED-- THE ONLY FRIEND I HAD IN THE WORLD... AND I DROPPED THE BOUNDER AND CRUSHED HIS HEAD... THANK THE LORD, MY FRIEND DIED INSTANTLY!"

"...I KILLED THE SNAKE WITH A BOUNDER"--I

"...I KILLED THE SWAMP
WITH A SHOULDER--I
CRUSHED IT..."



... AND ENDED MY
WATCHED, BODILY LIFE WITH
A SINGLE SWING OF THE
AMPHUR BLADE ...

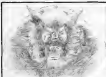
THAT-- IS MY TALE.

NEXT: DEAD--
ON THE COUNT OF TEN!

SCREAM MAILBAG

"... still no HEAP: what's the matter?"

"In issue #13 of your HORROR-MOOD publication of PSYCHO, you made known to me and your countless HEAP slaves, you ended the story with a couple for a "YES HEAP ... NO HEAP" VOTE, and you said, that if there were enough votes, in you would continue the HEAP saga. This is very good, and the response was almost unbelievable. I was equally shocked, when in issue #17 of PSYCHO (inside back cover), you announced the RETURN of the HEAP. One thing is wrong ... it is now issue 19, and STILL NO HEAP. What's the matter?"



Here's the story, the WHOLE story ...

... Sometime ago, when the HEAP made his debut in PSYCHO #7 (see HORROR-MOOD's first chapter's shared promise). Although the idea of THE HEAP was a twist from other times the character has possessed the show promise, it became very popular, particularly when Pablo Marcos took over the art chores. The issues featuring the HEAP stories, just as SKRYWALL got into the HORROR-MOOD, were very popular. Then, as you know, a new artist took over the last two chapters of THE HEAP — what can we say, in all honesty, about those last two chapters that have not already been said — they were REALLY BAD! We were disappointed, we hesitated (after we received an overwhelming YES HEAP VOTE) to revive THE HEAP and to do one whose long dynamic GREAT artist. So we solicited the art work of Ricardo Villamonte, who promptly left to do something and other type work. We then had to come here a (small) town, four artists try to take up with a NEW and worthwhile HEAP character (by WORTHWHILE, too, in all honesty we were WORTHWHILE), because we were DETERMINED to do it RIGHT at all. Three other times we were disappointed — well NOW! — working on a concept at Artist Super Day — we have an outrageous ARTIST lined up to do the NEW HEAP just as well as this finished a certain something else which is occupying all his time at the moment! The HEAP is not dead — far from it, certain last moments, negative aspects, to the old HEAP are dead — in particular the UNCLEBROTHERS are dead! The NEW HEAP is all new and different — by the time the HORROR-MOOD artist and one of the best artists in all of comics. You SO have to wait just a few more months — but it's well WORTH the wait. HEAP (sorry) you're in for the BRISK of the DECADE when THE HEAP RETURNS!

WELCOME to the eleventh issue of SCREAM ...

... A REMARKABLE bunch of answers from Mrs. Pat. Gabor ...

"The best story in NIGHTMARE AND THE SCREAM AND THE NIGHTMARE before THE STORY FAR EXCEEDED THE OTHERS IN THIS ISSUE AND THE SHOGGOTH SERIES IS VERY INTERESTING. My favorite is the HORROR - MOOD story is the RUTHLESS - BLIND MAN, CAUSE IT'S VERY SCARY! THE ART WAS FANTASTIC, AND I LOVED THE SCRIPT. I buy HORROR-MOOD magazine BECAUSE IN MY OPINION THEY ARE THE BEST IN ILLUSTRATED TALES OF HORROR, FOR GUTS. SOME TIME I WAS STUCK WITH YOUR COMPETITION'S JUNK, BUT THEN I DISCOVERED THE HORROR-MOOD MAGAZINES AND IT WAS LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT, AND I WILL NEVER GO BACK AGAIN. My favorite HORROR-MOOD artist is Ricardo Villamonte. My favorite HORROR-MOOD cover artist is David FARRA SCREAM #5. My favorite type of story is HORROR. I think photographs are THE ONLY PHOTO FEATURED THAT I LIKED WERE THE MOVIE REVIEWS AND PREVIEWERS. My favorite HORROR-MOOD story title is CASTLE OF THE VAMPIRE DEAD. My favorite HORROR-MOOD CHARACTER are THE HUMAN GARGOYLES. My favorite HORROR-MOOD series is THE SHOGGOTH MYTHS. I think that stories ARE ALRIGHT IF THEY ARE KEPT DOWN TO ABOUT ONE EVERY TWO ISSUES (NOT MORE THAN THAT).

A REMARKABLE BUNCH OF QUESTIONS FROM SON-EMERSON, of Medford ("The best story in SCREAM is a "MY PRISON IN HELL" because Alan Humeigan is a fantastic character! He never gives him a good chance to develop character like Medford. Gory's art was successfully making Humeigan's stories never die down and get boring — you should have a HORROR-MOOD OFFLINE COLUMN which would offer a behind the scenes look at SKRYWALL and give news and pictures. Also, organize your letters more and give complete letters —"). RUSSELL HORROR of New York, BILL MESSECK of Maryland ("— THE HUMAN GARGOYLES are fantastic — the art is fantastic — the characters have real personalities —"). MICHAEL COOMES of Maine ("I need to my records to see miniature details of him and death, SCREAM turns my fancy —").

... don't forget SCREAM No. 11 also on sale — featuring the VICTIMS and AGGRESSORS — see us y'all ...



THE RETURN OF LITTLE GORDON #11 of NIGHTMARE AND THE SCREAM featuring GORDON in a new role as a hero for the first time. Also on sale in SCREAM #11



MONSTER MONSTER

The strangest werewolf story ever to appear RETURNED to the pages of PSYCHO in the next issue, on sale December 18, 1941! New artist PAUL FURUSAWA joins oldtimer AUGUSTINE FURNELL to reveal the monster: tell tales to even greater heights in chapter 7: WEREWOLF OF BLOODY DEATH, and in the scorching chapters that will appear in every issue: tell a monstrous, blood-buster dominating chapter 8 — don't DAVE miss it!



What is this mysterious TALES OF
EYE, SPECIAL, EDITION you have
heard about? Well, wouldn't it be
very, very SPECIAL, BOTH NAME
ANNIVERSARY COLLECTOR'S EDITION
OF PSYCHO — a magazine
center to a single, strange theme
— a theme unrelated right out of hell
— a theme more with it and closer.
It's not a theme, or an event, you'd
want to miss — so much for a cover!



THIS IS LONDON, OR BETTER
A TYPICAL SLICE OF LONDON
SOMETIME DURING THE 17TH
CENTURY.

THERE ARE
PEOPLE
LIVING
HERE... NOT
THE BEST
OF PEOPLE
BUT HUMAN
BEINGS
NEVERTHELESS.



SOME OF WHOM TRY TO MAKE THE BEST OF A LIFE
THAT HAS ALREADY BEEN GIVEN.

I'M GOING DOWN
TO THE BUREAU JEN
SEE IF OLD BRASSER
HAS ANYTHING
FOR ME TO DO.



BUT LIFE
EVERYONE
LIVES THERE
ARE DARKNESS
AND THEY'RE
NOT
ALWAYS
GOOD.

...EVEN THOUGH
I KNOW BEFORE
I GO THAT HE
MEANT!



IN FACT, SOMETHING
THEY'RE PURE DARKNESS!



THE HORROR OF IT SETS OFF ALICE, THE SCENT OF DRIED BLOOD. REMEMBER THROUGH HIS HOSTESS, WHO HE KILLS, ALMOST NOW, AGAINST THE WALL FOR BALANCE. THE ONLY THING BEFORE HIM COULD LAUGHED AND LIVED. AND WHAT IS MORE, IT WAS A FRIEND. A DEAR FRIEND. BUT NOW, NOW, IT IS NOTHING MORE THAN A BLOODY CLUMP OF AMARANTH FLOWERS. THERE IS NO PAIN TO BE GAINED, BUT UPON WHAT? THAT'S THE QUESTION. AND EVERYONE KNOWS.

YOU CAN'T JUDGE A KILLER BY THE CORPSE!



IT'S AS SIMPLE AS THAT... A FEW GUERREAS, QUICKLY JOTTED
ADRETS, AND THE BODY IS CHIEFED AWAY... ONLY THE ADREBS
REMAINS.



EVERY
THOUGH
HE KNOW
THEY WOULDN'T
BE GETTING
IN TOUCH
WITH
HIM, PAUL
WAITED.

WIPED THROUGH THE ADREBS OF LOSING A FRIEND... A
GOOD FRIEND, WAITING, WAITING FOR
SOMETHING.



BUT A MAN CAN ONLY WAIT SO LONG... TO
MOVING FOR JUST A CLOSER GLANCE OF THE
AND FINALLY, ULTIMATELY, THE IMPROVISED
EXPLOSION.





SO HE GOES TO FIND A HIREMAN... AND ALTHOUGH SHE SUREN'T WANT TO, JEN GOES TOO... FOR THERE IS A HIRING AGENT... AND SHE COULD NEVER LET HIM FACE IT ALONE!



TO MORROW... ANOTHER DAY TO BE FACED LIKE
 MY OTHER... WITH QUESTIONS, SCREAMED
 ROBBIE... AND ONE OTHER THING.

I'M LEAVING
 NOW JEN. TRY
 TO GET SOME OF
 THOSE ADORNS
 TO TALK TO ME.
 BE BACK SOON.

IT'S EVEN
 MORE THAN
 JEN!!

14

ONCE MORE HE CAN SMELL THE BLOOD, HEAR
 THE AIDS BUBBLING ABOUT. BUT HE KNOWS
 NOW AS THE DOOR IN FRONT OF HIM SLOWLY
 OPENS.

WELL... NOW WILL
 YOU HELP ME?
 LOOK AT THAT AND
 TELL ME TO PUZZ
 OVER!

HE LOOKS
 AT WHAT
 WAS
 ONCE A
 WOMAN
 BEING...
 BUT
 THERE IS NO
 DOUBT NOW
 IN HIS
 MIND THAT
 NO
 HORROR
 AT WHAT
 LIES
 BEFORE
 HIM.

LOOK MATE,
 IF YOU DON'T GO
 AWAY, QUESTIONS
 THE SAME THING MIGHT
 HAPPEN TO YOU! SO
 WARRIES YOU BETTER
 GET OUT OF HERE -
 WHILE YOU CAN!

HORROR!

GOD
 NOT AGAIN!

THE DOOR SLAMS IN HIS FACE AGAIN... AND SLOWLY, EVER SO SLOWLY, SOMETHING BEGINS TO TAKE SHAPE IN HIS MIND...



...BUT CAN'T QUITE BELIEVE HE MIGHT ACTUALLY BE A FOLLOW-UP... AND BY GOD HE'LL ACT ON IT!



HE'S HERE! I'VE FOUND THE KILLER!

WHAT!

SOMETHING IS COMING
THAT'S QUITE POSSIBLE

NO... IT
COULDN'T
BE... I DON'T
THINK...



THE POLICE WERE RIGHT!
SAID THE KILLER!
TOLD ME THAT IF I DON'T
STOP HANGING AROUND
THE SAME THING
WOULD HAPPEN
TO ME!

JOHN'S GONE!
HE'S THE ONE!



FOR GOD'S SAKE
HOW MUCH
MORE PROOF DO
YOU NEED? HE
DO MIGHT AS WELL
TELL ME HE'S THE
KILLER!

AND TO-MORROW JOHN'S
DEATH WILL BE ANNOUNCED!
I'M GOING TO GET THE
BUDDY... CHASE AND DO
THE SAME TO HIM AS
HE DID TO JOHN! I
SWORE IT!

PAUL, MAY NOT
LET THE POLICE
HANDLE IT? IT'S
THEIR JOB, AND
THEY CAN DO IT.





A FEW RASH DECISIONS. BUT BEHIND THE WORDS IS
 ASTRID. HATED FOR THE HUMAN PRIDE THAT COULD
 INCONSIDERATELY RUN TO EMERGENCY A DANGEROUS
 HUMAN BRING! SO WHEN NIGHT COMES, THAT HATED
 HAS FOSTERED...



HE WALKS WITH A PURPOSE. A SENSE OF RIGHTNESS.
 A VIOLENCE HEARTY WILL BE AWAKENED THIS NIGHT, AND
 HE WILL BE THE INSTRUMENT OF DESTRUCTION!





LONG AFTER LIFE HAS LEFT THE BLOODY FLESH RILL, CONTINUOUS TO ARSE AND BURN, PUFFING PUFFS OF BLOODY FLESH FROM WHITTENED BONES.



UNTIL, SOON, HIS ENERGY SPENT, HE STROPEL AND GAWKY OF A BONY, RETURNING TO HIS BLAZED EYES!



IT'S FINISHED JEN. I'VE ASSURED JOHN'S DEATH!



COMPARING IN THE BACK OF HIS BRAIN A VOICE TELLS HIM WAS A FOOL HE HAS BEEN, BUT HE HAS LITTLE TIME TO LISTEN...





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chewing your magazines to shreds ...

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INEXPENSIVE **WILL LAST A LIFETIME OF USE**



SHE WAS WEARING THE
STYLISH OF ALL WHO ARE HERE...

BOUNCING ON
HER SPRINGY ARTS...

...AND BEATING A
PROMINENT DEFECT
THAT COULD NOT GO
UNNOTICED!

SHE IS DRESSING INCREDIBLY
THE IDEAL OF LOFT
FANTASIES, THE GLORY
OF A THOUSAND
FLATLESS NIGHTS...

SUDDENLY FROM WITHIN
THE DARK SHADOWS OF THE
SHADOWS OF THE

WHY WAS IT
HAPPENING?

OH PLEASE
DON'T
STOP THE
RAIN!
STOP THE
RAIN!

THE BEAUTIFUL GODDESS
FORMING RAIN
PRIMITIVE CRIMINALS!



WITHIN THE BARBERS OF CAMPED A LITTLE WHILE AT
THEY WERE ASSAULTED WITH THE AGONY SCREAMS OF
LIVING PAIN. NOW AFTER THE TORTURE WAS
OVER THEY WERE DEAD. A BARBER STAYED TO
CARE FOR HER. YOU A BARBER?

MY GOD!
WHAT HAPPENED
TO HER!

SOMEONE CALL
THE POLICE!
HURRY! ... SOMEONE
CALL THEM!

WHO ARE THEY? THE BREEDERS!

I THINK...
I THINK I'M DEAD. HE...
...SUCK...



THE BARBER, AND DISCOVERED SOMETHING AND WENT INTO THE
CORNER OF A SMALL ROOM. HE WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO
WAS LEFT ALIVE. HE WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO WAS LEFT ALIVE.
HE WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO WAS LEFT ALIVE.

WE BETTER NOT
SAY ANYTHING
ABOUT THIS TO THE
PRESS!

GODDAM!
... BUT HER IDENTIFICATION
HAVE SHE WAS ASSAULTED.
WE GOTTA TELL HER
HUSBAND SOMETHING.

WELL, THAT'S
WHAT HAPPENED!

SHE WAS ... IT WAS LIVING IN
THE BARBERS ... OVER THERE,
NEAR THE CAR.

... AND YOU SAW
SHE WAS
WOUND IN
HEAD AND
THROW YOU
HEARD
SCREAMS?

THEN YOU RAN
IN AND FOUND THE
BODIES?

WELL, THE
CAR PERIOD!

AS LITTLE AS POSSIBLE.
... LOVE, WE FIND OUT
HOW SHE DIED?



THE RESEARCHER IS BACK WITH LEFT HAND
ON HIS THROAT—ALONE... A MAN STANDING
LOOKING OVER THE AUTOMATIC STREET
MOTION... BECAUSING, FROM
BEHIND HIM, FOR AN ANSWER TO HIS
QUESTIONS?

"SOME KIND OF
MORPHING?" THEY SAY!
NOW IS THAT POSSIBLE?

WAS JERRY OF NOTE THAT
SHE SHOULD DIE NOW!
FOR HIMSELF, FOR
HIMSELF, HE SAYS!
I WAS SHOCKED—
ALARMED TO BE
SEEN WITH HER!

NOW,
WHEN TRANSFORMED
TO FEMINE BEAUTY...

...NOW.

AFTER THE DISTANCE, WHEN A
MAY WOMAN WAS SCULPTURED
FROM THE GENTLE OF THE OLD,
AND WHEN MY LOVE FOR HER
WAS REVEALED...

...WHY NOW?

STOCKED WITH PETHOLESS, SAYS
THE HUSBAND TOLD US WHAT
HE FEELS IN THE DEEP OF HIS
MAGNIFICENT MIND'S DEATH.

THE CHOCOLATES!
IT HAD TO BE THESE DIRT
CHOCOLATES, WITH THEIR
OUTRAGEOUS BUT TRUE
APPEALS!

I MUST FIND WHERE
THESE THINGS ARE MADE...
...SEARCH THEM OUT!

BUNDED...
WITHOUT FAITH... HE SET OUT TO
DISCOVER THOSE WHO HAVE
MURDERED HIS WIFE! A
LONG, CRUEL, AND A HORRIBLE
JOURNEY... HE UNCOVERED
HIMSELF UPON THE STREETS OF
THE CITY!

I MUST FIND THE
ANSWERS TO HER
DEATH!
NOW!
...BEFORE
OTHERS SHARE
HER FATE!



WITH GUSTAVSON VAN DRIPPING DOWN HIS FACE,
THE HUSBAND COMES TO THE DRUG STORE
WHERE HIS WIFE BOUGHT HER "ADDICTION"
DRUG CLOSER!



GO AWAY!
CAN'T YOU SEE?
...WE'RE CLOSED!



LACKING THE NORMAL SOURCE OF
DRUGS, THE ADDICTED HUSBAND
CONSIDERS "HOLD THE FRONT DOOR OF
CLOSED"



YOU KILLED HER!
YOU KILLED -
- MY WIFE!



HEARD, MRS.
I AMN KILLED NO ONE!
NEVER!

DENY
IT ARE,
BROODER!

AS THE DRUG STORE OWNER WENT TO
REGULATE HIS MADNESS, HE FELT
THE JAW DRIP TIGHTLY AROUND HIS
TONGUE AND TIGHTLY!



...BE YOUR
ADDRESS WITH A LIE
ON YOUR TONGUE!



HERE IT IS!
...2000 YEARS
WIDE-OPEN...
...ONLY A FEW
BLOCKS AWAY!



WITHIN THE HOUR, HE FINDS HIMSELF
WALKING UP THE STONY STAIRS OF
AN ANCIENT VICTORIAN MANSION!

YOU HAVE COME
WELL, MY PET!

TODAY'S THE BEST!
GOOD HARVEST!

SLEEP!
TOMORROW... YOU
SHALL, BAWW!
YOUR...
MY NEW
OFFSPRINGS!



THE OLD MAN CHUCKS THE
TWO-TWO DOLLAR PIECE, AS
THE PORTULANS OF BAWW
AND MURDEROUS INTENSITY
BACK TO HIS, THE WATERSIDE
OF HIS "WAT' ADAPT" HIS
HAND, AND BACK IN THE 19TH
CENTURY, THE LADY OF
HIS GARDEN, AND IS, AGAIN.

YES!
A VERY FINE
HARVEST, INDEED!

...GAVE FOR HIS PETS!



BY ALL THAT'S HOLY...
...WHAT IS GOING ON?

YOU!
YOU OLD MAN, ARE
RESPONSIBLE FOR THE
DEATH OF MY WIFE!
YOU MAKE THE CHOICES...
...THE CHOCOLATES...
...THAT KILLED HER!

NOW YOU SHALL FOLLOW ME!
YOU SHALL CURE THE THUNDERBOLT,
YOU... TAKE ONE!

IT IS TRUE...
I MANUFACTURE THE
"POISON AWAY"
BET CHOCOLATES!
IT IS ONLY FITTING...
...FOR I AM THE
GUARDIAN OF...
...THE BREEDERS!

WITH A PLEET RECOGNIZING THE ANGRY HE JERKED
HIMSELF BACK, ACTING THE PERSONAL, BLESSED TOOK AND
CLUTCHING THE OLD MAN IN HIS FINGERED ARMED.

WHO THE
HELL ARE
THE BREEDERS?
WHY DO THEY
WANT TO DO
WITH MY
WIFE'S
DEATH??
WHERE
ARE THEY?

TOP OF STAIRS
FIRST ROOM

UNARMED BY THE HUSBAND'S STRONG THREATS
HE WAS SCATTERED AROUND THE FOOT OF THE OLD
MAN... THE BIG DUE OF THE WAY...

I BIG UP YOU!
DO NOT DISTURB
THEM!
THEY DO NOT
KNOW YOU!
THEY WILL GET
IN FEAR!

WHILE THE HUSBAND MOUNTS
THE FIRST SET OF STAIRS...

PLEASE!
DO NOT HARM THEM!
THEY ARE HERE TO
BENEFIT MANKIND!

THEY MEAN NO
ONE HARM!
IT IS JUST
THEIR WAY!

ARCH IS HEARD
FROM BELOW!

THEY WILL
FIGHT... FIGHT...

INSIDE THE ROOM, ALL IS DARKNESS...
AND THEN THE BLACK CAN BE
HEARD: "CONSTANTLY AND JERKING
MOVING FROM SIDE TO SIDE"
AND "WHEN DARK!"

BETTER GET
A LIGHT IN
HERE!
IT'S TOO
DARK TO
FIND THEM!

THE ALARM STARTS IN TO
KING, ILLUMINATING THE
ENTIRE ROOM AND ALL
OF ITS CONTENTS!
WITHIN THE FLASHING
SHADOWS OF THE LIGHT
STRENGTH AND STRENGTH
GAINED BEYOND!

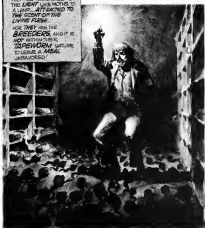
THEY ARE ATTRACTED TO
THE LIGHT, LIKE FISHES TO
A LAMP... ATTRACTED TO
THE SCENT OF THE
LIVING FLAME.

NOW THEY ARE THE
BREEDERS, AND IT IS
NOT WITH THEM,
"SPEAKING" WITH
TOUSLE A HAND
UNLIT!

WITH THE SILENT THUMPING
OF THE DOWNING BODY
CAME THE OLD MAN REVEALING
HE WAS BACK TO THE ROOM...

BACK TO YOUR
BASKETS, MY PETS!
THE FOOD IS ALL GONE!
YOU MUST CREATE MORE
OFFSPRING...
FOR THE CHOCOLATE
CANDIES ARE WAITING...
AND THOUSANDS OF
GRIETING AMERICANS
LONG TO GORE THOSE
EXTRA POUNDS!

LET'S TRY TO MAKE
THEM HAPPY, SHALL WE?





BY VANCE HOWARD

A long time after the release of *THE EXORCIST*, and a long time after the ACADEMY AWARDS ceremony where, if memory serves, THE HOPKINWOOD TEAM secured a new lease for a post mortem. Everyone in the movie business, regardless of whether they were a fan or a critic, generally agrees it's been the first big budget horror movie in a long long time — we are interested in this production, for whatever, but we feel it might pay them the price, according to the book, after that the long movie, for it had the same old story. *EXORCISTS* is the story: AUGUSTINE FLEMING, who looks at the movie, EDWARD FLEMING, who looks at the book and the movie, and AL NEWTON, who looks at everything else, from very early on, as the story of the movie, *EXORCISTS* — the letters talk, usually how we think and feel about *THE EXORCIST*.

THE EXORCIST



FROM THE EXORCIST

by EDWARD FEEDER

Amidst all the cheap sensationalism that seems to grip the media around **THE EXORCIST** only one thing remains true; the original novel it seems that you can't pass it around today without the word "exorcist" lurking at its feet beneath some grandly italicized, Gershwin-esque phrase. Have been coming out with "Exorcist" suggestions, at the hope that the mere use of the word will bring up their angling sales figures. In every major paper we have read stories about people who had visited psychiatrists in the studio, or people who went off the proverbial "edge" . . . this to me, and to author William Peter Blatty Jr., is the most truly novel element—with a capital "M". It would seem to be REAL horror, it did think that these people were walking the streets just prior to seeing the movie. I say, that if seeing **THE EXORCIST** helped them to realize they needed psychological help, then the movie has done society a good turn; these people probably would have gone untreated for years.

Well, dear reader, you are probably asking yourself why I am doing this review of **THE EXORCIST** when there is tons of this crap on the newsstands already? Well, to answer that, I'd have to say that it is the policy of the **WORLD** line of magazines to keep their readers informed and up-to-date with what is happening in the arts, concerning all things within the realm of the grotesque. More than a review of the book, which I have already done for you in **PSYCHO** with I wanted to give you some of my views as both the author, William Peter Blatty, and the style of horror he wrote in.

When one reads **THE EXORCIST**, one is immediately struck from the book and thrust into the very fabric of the story. You are no longer an impartial judge of style and technique, but become an active character in a situation of other things. Another example of this and dynamic writing can be found in Blatty's latest published book, **TWINKLE, TWINKLE, KILLER!** KILLER. One can easily draw similarities between **THE EXORCIST** and **TWINKLE, TWINKLE, KILLER!** . . . it seems that Blatty's pen has a flair for the quiet, inwardly questioning and disturbed type of central figure. Quiet, yet inside we are each protagonist for his true work . . . each, a pillar of warmth, understanding, reserved and realistic strength.

In the movie **THE EXORCIST**, the character of Father Karras is played by Jason Miller. One cannot help but wonder why the part was not developed to the dynamic proportions in the screenplay as it was in the novel. Perhaps Blatty did this intentionally . . . perhaps he felt the viewing public demanded a little more action and a little less philosophy and thought. As you can easily see, this is all speculation. But, I feel Karras should have been the primary figure in the movie as he was in the book. The novel focused on Karras as the central figure, while in the movie, it appears that the roles shifted so that Regan (the young girl, played by Linda Blair) was the main focus.

What is so unique about **THE EXORCIST**? Why has it been such a success? I do not, but I do see one of the major reasons for the success of the book and the movie. It is the type of horror that is being brought to the public. **THE EXORCIST** is gut-terror, manifested in a series of stomach wrenching scenes. This is quite opposed to the cheap, psychological and seemingly sterile horror that Edgar Allan Poe gave us. If you feel that Poe is the epitome of REAL horror, you should forget about reading or seeing **THE EXORCIST**, because you won't be prepared to cope with terror in its finest, physical form! The thought of having someone in control of your body . . . of someone coming aparting joyously on the face . . . of being forced to feel and feel like your own body—**THE**. TO ME, it IS HORROR.

Horror is always at its best when its surroundings are familiar to us, and what place could be more familiar to most of the readers than Washington, D.C. The point in time is also crucial. When at this experience is terror supposed to take place? The element of the grotesque comes to realize when we find that our reading material is about something that took place two hundred years ago. In **THE EXORCIST**, the time is NOW . . . horror is realized like some revelation, cancerous growth until you find yourself believing, or at least wondering if such a thing as demonic possession is possible.

If you want to be scared out of your socks . . . if you want the thrill of being involved in the situation that play across your bedroom walls at night . . . if you wanted to recapture the frightening feelings that faded sometime through your system when you were a child, then READ and SEE—**THE EXORCIST**!

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He said that the first time he met the woman was in 1940, when he was 21 and she was 19. He said that they had a very close relationship and that he was very fond of her. He said that they were together for about a year and a half, but that he never married her. He said that he was very much in love with her and that he was very happy with her. He said that he was very much in love with her and that he was very happy with her. He said that he was very much in love with her and that he was very happy with her.

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... ONCE UPON A MIDWINTER DREAR, WHILE I PONDERED, WROG AND HEART... THERE CAME A DARRING... AS OF
SCAMING GENTLY RAPPING, RAPPING AT MY CHAMBER DOOR...

... THE FAMILIAR OPENING LED TO THE MOST FAMOUS HORROR POEM IN THE WORLD...

EDGAR ALLAN POE'S THE RAVEN

THE WORDS OF THESE MEN ARE KNOWN TO US ALL... THE FAVORABLE OPINION OF
THE BLACK AND BOLD "MIDWINTER DREAR" AS FOREVER BEING COUNTED IN
MODERN HORROR MOVIES TO DEFINE AN ATMOSPHERE OF DEPRESSION
AND NOIR.

BUT WHAT IS THE POEM ABOUT? BUT DID POE REALLY MEAN IN HIS
CRYPTIC AND ELEGANT? WE HAVE RECONSTRUCTED AND DRAUGHTED
THE EVENTS OF THAT BLEAK DECEMBER NIGHT IN 1844... AND THIS IS THE OLD
TALE OF!

MR. POE AND THE RAVEN



... AGREE TO AGREE...

... DUST TO DUST...

... LENORE IS GONE
FROM US NOW,
NEVERMORE TO BE
IN OUR AMIST,
NEVERMORE TO
WALK AMONG
US...



written by PETE CUFFELLO

Illustrated by DENIS FRYD



...WHILE I SOUGHT TO
BORROW FROM MY BOOKS
THE END OF SORROW, MY
SEARCH FOR MY LOST
LENORE...

...THESE BOOKS DO ME
NO GOOD... I SEEK TO
BURY MYSELF IN THEM TO
FORGET THE HORRORS
OF LENORE'S DEATH!
BUT...

...BUT...
I CAN THINK...
OF
NOTHING
ELSE BUT
LENORE

...MY
LOST
LENORE...

SOON I HEARD A TAPPING, SORROWFUL LEANING FROM
BEYOND... AND AT THE WINDOW THERE STOOD A GHOSTLY
GAVIN... WHO STAYED THERE NOT A MINUTE, BUT FLEW
ABOVE THE CHAMBER DOOR AND PERCHED UPON A
RUST...

...THOU
GHOSTLY GAVIN AND
ANCIENT RAVEN...
WHY ART THOU HERE?...
HAST THOU WORD OF
MY LENORE?...
NEVER!

...A
MESSAGE
FROM BEYOND
THE LIFE OF
LOST LENORE?
NEVER-MORE...

...WHILE I MEDITATED HEAVILY AMIDST MY BOOKS, SUDDENLY
THERE CAME A TAPPING, AS OF SOMEONE GENTLY
RAPPING, RAPPING AT MY CHAMBER DOOR...

...SER...
OR HADAH... I
WAS SLEEPING...
WHO IS THERE?

...HERE I OPENED WIDE THE DOOR, DARKNESS THERE AND
NOTHING MORE...

WHO IS
HERE... IS
THERE NO ONE
HERE?

...PERHAPS
THE GHOST OF MY
LOST LENORE?...
NEVER-MORE...

WRETCH!!... WHO
HATH SENT THESE?
LENORE? LENORE?... OR
LATHAN OR GOD OR
WHO?... TO TAUNT ME,
TO MOCK MY LOVE
FOR LENORE?...
NEVER-MORE...



NEVER-MORE...



...BE THAT WORD OUR SHEN OF PARTING, BIRD OR FIEND...
GET OUT -- GET AWAY FROM ME, BLACK THING OF EVIL...
YOU TAUNT ME WITH MY LOVE... MY SMOKING LOVE... THEY SAY I LONG IS DEAD...

GET OUT! GET OUT!!

NEVERMORE...
NEVERMORE... NEVERMORE...



NEVERMORE! NEVERMORE!
IS THAT ALL YOU SAY THING OF EVIL... ARE YOU BIRD OR DEVIL? TELL ME THEY ARE ONLY ONE THING...

ARE YOU OF HEAVEN OR HELL -- IS LENORE IN HEAVEN? OR IN HELL?...



GET OUT! GET OUT! BEAST! FIEND! TORTURER!!
KEEP THEM AWAY FROM MY DOOR...
LEAVE... DEPART...
GET OUT... GET OUT... I CAN TAKE NO MORE...
NO MORE!

GET OUT BASTARD BIRD... GET OUT...

NEVERMORE...



I CAN TAKE NO MORE, WITHOUT LENORE... WITHOUT LENORE...

I CAN'T LIVE... WITHOUT LENORE...

NEVERMORE... NEVERMORE...

AND THE DAWN STILL
STILL SITS
THE BIRD SITS IN CHAIRMAN
DOOR THE CAMP SITS IN
THE SHADOWS OF THE
THE FLOOR AND IN
FROM OUT THE SHADOWS
OF THE NEVERMORE





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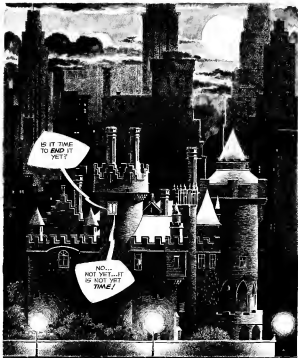
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...AND NOW...IT IS TIME FOR SOME HARD N' GOOD ANSWERS...

THE SAGA OF THE VICTIMS



THE TALE OF THE WORMS IS NOW NEARLY
OVER, BUT THEY DO NOT KNOW IT YET...



...THIS IS THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WORLD...THIS IS AFRICA...THE VICTIMS ARE WITHIN THE MIGHTY HANDS OF A SUB-HUMAN IMMORAL BEHEMOTH WHO IS ABOUT TO SQUASH THEIR LIVES OUT...

...THE VICTIMS HAVE BEEN NEAR-DROWNED, NEAR-DIED, OFTEN...THEY HAVE BEEN BRUTALLY BEATEN AND TORTURED IN A SEEMINGLESS ENDLESS SERIES OF LUNATIC SITUATIONS... *DEATH*

...THERE NOW REMAINS AN ULTIMATE REASON FOR THEIR AGONIES...

...AND GIVE BEGIN SOME ANSWERS AS WE BEGIN CHAPTER 5 OF THE SAGA OF THE VICTIMS...

I AM A PROUD MONSTROSITY

...YOU WITLESS GIRLS ARE ABOUT TO

DIE!

written by
ALAN BERNSTEIN
illustrated by RUDY

ONE
OF











THE GROUND
IS CRACKING
UNDERNEATH
OUR FEET...

...IT'S
A DIRT
OPENING
UP...

...IT'S
WATER!

BOILING
WATER!

...IT'S SCALDING
MY SKIN!

ANNE...
GOD...
ANNE
!!

...THIS IS THE SAGA OF THE
VICTIMS...THIS IS THE TORTURED PAIR
OF HELPLESS HUMAN BEINGS
THROWN INTO CHAOS AND HELL...FOR
FUNDED TO MAKE THEM BREAK AND SUC-
CUMB...WHY DO THEY NOT SUCCEESS?



...WHY DO THEY NOT GIVE UP
AND ADMIT THE TORTURE AND
THE PAIN AND THE ENDLESS
AGONY IS TOO MUCH FOR
THEM?... WHY?

...PERHAPS BECAUSE
THEY SENSE THERE IS
MORE THAN JUST THE
SIMPLE ADMISSION OF
DEFEAT INVOLVED...

...PERHAPS BECAUSE THEY REAL-
IZE THAT NO-ONE IS GOING TO
GO TO ALL THE TROUBLE OF BREAK-
ING THEM WITHOUT A POWERFUL
REASON...

...AND PERHAPS THIS KNOW-
EDGE IS SUBCONSCIOUS
KNOWLEDGE...PERHAPS THEY CAN
NOT SPEAK THEIR INWARD FEEL-
INGS TO EACH OTHER BUT THEY
UNDOUBTEDLY DON'T HAVE TO...

NO, JOSEY,
NO, JOSEY FOR GOD'S
SAKE DON'T SAY
THAT...

...PLEASE, MOM!

...NO... I
MUST HANG
ONTO LIFE...
...I
MUST...

WAPP
WAPP
WAPP

...AND WHEN THE CORPSES WHO WERE ONCE NAZI STORM
TROOPERS MARCHED OVER THEM, THEY DID NOT FEEL IT
TOO MUCH FOR THEIR MINDS WERE A MILLION YEARS
AWAY IN ANOTHER PLACE AND IN ANOTHER TIME...

...THEY CLOSED THEIR EYES TWO
AND THEY SLID DOWN AT LEAST TO
A FETAL POSITION... AND THEY
ROOLED THEMSELVES UP INTO SUCH
LITTLE PARADES THAT THEY BARELY
EDUCATED...



...WITH THEIR
PARENTS... IN THEIR
CHILDHOODS...



...HAVE
THEY GONE?

...YES...THEY'VE
GONE INTO ONE
OF THE
TUNNELS...

WAPP WAPP
WAPP WAPP
WAPP WAPP
WAPP WAPP
WAPP WAPP
WAPP WAPP

...WHERE'S
ALL THE DUST
COMING FROM?

...IT'S
GETTING
DARK...



...THERE ARE
NO TORTURES LEFT,
JOSEY... THIS ONE IS THE
LAST... IT MUST BE THE
LAST... THERE IS
NOTHING LEFT...
CAFFE CAFFE
NOTHING...

...PERHAPS
THIS IS WHERE
WE DIE... 'CAFFE
CAFFE! MAYBE THIS
IS THE END, ANNE...



...THE PIT
REING... FILLED
UP... WITH
EARTH!!

ANNE...
WE'LL BE
SUPPORTER!





THEY SPIRITED FROM
THEIR PRISONS AND
COVERED THEIR FEET
AND NOSE WITH
DIRTY, PRETENDING THEY
WERE DEAD AND THAT
THOSE WILL BE NO MORE
TO **FEAR** AND MORE TO
PUNISH...



BUT WHEN THE TUNNEL
IS FILLED UP TO A HET-
IN EXTENT THEY SAUCE
AGAIN HAVE A GROUND
AT THEIR BACKS AND
THEIR DISADVANTAGES JUST
TOLD THEM AND THEY NOT
SURRENDER... AND WITH
ONLY SCATTERMAN
USED FOR CRYSTAL WAY
AND THEM THEY STRUGGLE
TO THE SURFACE...



STRUGGLE TO
THEIR POWER OF
REASON DENIES
THEIR STRENGTH...



AND WHEN THEY
REACH THE SURFACE
THEY ARE AGAIN ALIVE
AND AGAIN DON'T CAN
VICTORY OVER THEIR
TORMENTORS...



NO, YOU
HAVE LOST!



Now...you MAY
REST EASY...
YOUR PERSONAL
TORMENT IS
OVER!



...WHAT IS
GOING TO
HAPPEN TO
US NOW,
JOSEY?

...I DON'T
KNOW ANY
MORE THAN
YOU DO...

I SWEAR
I DON'T...



...ANOTHER
MOVIE...

MAH MAH MAH

...SOME
KIND OF
LITTLE
PLANE...

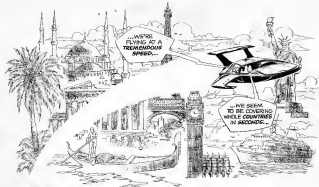


...WHAT
ARE THEY?

...DUNNO...
THEY LOOK
HARMLESS...

...THE VOICE
SAID OUR TORMENT
WAS FINISHED...

COME
MOVIE...



...WE'RE
FLYING AT A
TREMENDOUS
SPEED...

...WE SEEM
TO BE COVERING
WHOLE COUNTRIES
IN SECONDS...



MANHATTAN!

...OBVIOUSLY
WE'RE BEING TAKEN
TO THE LAND OF OUR
TORNATOR...

RIGHT...
AND I'LL GIVE
YOU JUST ONE
GUESS EXACTLY
WHERE THAT IS...



...SCOLLARD
MANSE!!

...WE'RE FLYING
RIGHT INSIDE IT AT
HUNDREDS OF MILES
PER HOUR!



...IT'S...
INCREDIBLE...

WE JUST
JUST STOPPED
DEAD...

...STOPPED
LIKE WE WOEN'T
EVEN MOVING...

...BUT THERE'S
SOMETHING
RISE NOW...

...THE
WHOLE
BUILDING IS
SHAKING
VIOLENTLY...

EEEEEEEEEEEE

...MY GOD,
JESSE, THE
NOISE!!





...THIS IS NEAR THE
END...A SINGLE CONCLUD-
ING CHAPTER PRESENTS
ALL THE ANSWERS TO ALL
THE MACABRE QUESTIONS
THAT CAN BE ASKED ABOUT

**THE SAGA
OF THE VICTIMS**

...INSIDE THIS THING THAT IS
NOW A SPACE-MACHINE-OF-SORTS,
ONCE A SCHOOL CASTLE TWO
YOUNG AND VERY HUMAN GIRLS
TOTALLY SHAKE WITH UNBRAIDED,
ADMITTED FEAR...

POOOOOOOOOOM!

...WHAT THEY HAVE BEEN THROUGH
THESE LAST FEW DAYS THEY NOW
KNOW IS VERY LITTLE COMPARED
WITH WHAT NOW FACES THEM...

...FOR AHEAD
LIES AN ANSWER
THEY KNOW THEY DO
NOT WANT TO KNOW...

NEXT: WE CONCLUDE WITH CHAPTER 6!

I AM WHAT I AM!



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a face often
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Baaaaad kitty, no!**

**He heard you had leeches but weren't
sharing. Pretty lame. Don't make
Super Kitty hunt you down.
Got it SHARE it!**



**MEOWWWWR!
SUPER-SASSAFRASS-SUM-BITCH's!
I HATE THE LEECHES
WHO NO SHARE! GROWL!
FIND'EM, CHEW'EM UP!
MAKE THEM MY NEW CHEW TOY!**



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